

What Is That?

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Summary: The Enterprise-F is on a basic survey mission...but then all hell breaks loose. The captain has odd visions and....

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CHAPTER 1...

"Computer, start recording."

> <em>First Officer's Personal log, Stardate 54367.5<br> It's been days since we started patrolling the Arganis Drayan system and the surrounding area. To be frank, I'm bored as hell. There hasn't been anything to do but sit and fiddle with the holodecks. Although he may not admit it, the captain has tried to hide his annoyance but has failed. There is also something else of concern about him; he seems to have frequent insomnia. I questioned him about it and he tries to evade it. So, I decided to ask Counselor Anna Revis to see if she knew anything. She said that she couldn't "divulge information on her patients." ...hmmm... I decided to ignore his "problem" but he comes in even more exhausted every passing day. I WILL get to the bottom of this...one way, or another.\_

"End log."

Captain Jericho Draken relaxed in his chair on the bridge of the \_USS Enterprise, NCC-1701-F\_, a Century class cruiser. His 6'7" body was slumped back into the large chair that sat in the center of the room. His unnatural gray eyes were struggling to stay open. He blankly stared into the view screen ahead of him into the field of stars.  
> <em>'So...boring...why is my ship getting menial work? FOR GOD'S SAKE, it's an Enterprise!'  
<em> He thought to himself brushing his black hair to the side, \_'This is bad enough and now this dream...what does it mean? It wont go away...'\_ He lost to the urge to sleep.

There was a snicker off in the corner of the bridge, "The Cap'n fell asleep."

First Officer Dreyfus Jellico heard this and looked at the captain's chair. "I knew this would happen..." he muttered. He was a well built man shorter than Draken by 4", had blond hair, and piercing green eyes.

"Shouldn't we wake him?" Caspar, the mostly all black android, asked. Caspar is the only other android in Starfleet...other than B4...who managed to get a posting at Starfleet engineering. Caspar himself wasn't a work of Soong, but of Captain Draken. He was humanoid and a few cm shorter than Draken. He was made with a mysterious metal that Starfleet couldn't recognize that was a very dark gunmetal color. He had patches of white on various parts of his body and "emotion reflective eyes", eyes that would change color depending on the emotion he was in (like red angry...).

"Nah, let him rest," Jellico answered.

"Commander, do you know why he is acting so strangely? I asked him myself and he said it wasn't of my concern...I couldn't get a word out of him." Caspar stated.

"Neither could I, I think the counselor knows something but she won't tell me anything." Jellico said.

"She won't even tell his 'son' anything either...sigh...I am worried..." Caspar said with his head sagging and turning a dark shade of bluish-purple.

"As am I."

—

\* \* \*

><em>

\_What the hell is that?!\_

Jericho found himself staring at an 8 foot tall lizard-like thing. He wasn't sure why he was afraid and where he was. He glanced around and saw the smoldering remains of some kind of craft and a building or two to his right.

\_ '...I'm not on the Enterprise... '\_ he looked down and saw himself wearing some kind of armor. He saw a name-tag but, it was burred out for some reason. He did see the letters "UNSC" on it. He trained his frightened gaze on the creature, he couldn't see it too well since it was blurred out like the name-tag. He could tell it had double jointed knees, no race in the Federation that he knew of had these.

Captain Draken saw it remove something from its belt. It was hard to see what it was but it looked like a rod, or something.

"Now you will die like the rest of your pitiful race," it laughed evilly

In an instant, the "rod" became a blade of blue energy. It lunged andâ€|

"AHHHHHH!" Jericho literally flew out of his chair and onto the carpeting covering the deck plating.

"Captain!" Commander Jellico leapt out of his chair to the captain who was on the floor, trembling and sweating profusely. At that moment Counselor Revis, a Betazoid, came out of the turbo lift and ran to his side.

"Keep it way from me! Noâ€| I won't l- let you kill me!"

The commander tapped his comm-badge, "Doctor Kissinger to the bridge, NOW!"

"It happened again didn't it," the counselor asked trying to soothe the shaken captain. He didn't answer, or couldn't because he was muttering incoherently. She brushed her long hair away and tried to dive into his mind...she saw a jumble of images and was forced out. Her brown eyes stayed fixed on him. The doctor ran out of the 'lift and removed a hypo spray from his kit and injected him with it. A second or two later the captain went limp.

\* \* \*

>"Now, Counselor, you mind telling me now what's going on?" the commander asked while standing next to the unconscious captain in Sickbay.<p><p>

She didn't answer right away, she was trying to piece together all the images she had gathered over the past few days. She let out a sigh and replied, "He has this...reoccurring dream...I think...I can't seem to get a clear picture of what's going on due to the intensity of it. He's on a planet's surface and someone kills him. embedded in this 'dream' is an overwhelming sense of pure fear..." she trailed off.

"A dream? That must be one wicked dream to turn him into that wreck we just

> saw a few minutes earlier," Dreyfus remarked.<p>

"Odd. My experiences with the captain brought me to the conclusion that he is quite fearless. His training programs on the holodeck prove my hypothesis but, it looks as if it is not entirely valid," Caspar finally spoke up after absorbing what was said.

"I would agree, half of the computer's space is filled with a record of Jericho's injuries because of him taking the safeties off the holodeck. This is definitely not like him," Doctor Kissinger added, "Could there be something in the space we're in that could cause hallucinations?"

"Of this magnitude?" Anna asked.

"Unlikely but, possible. I will get to scanning immediately," Caspar exited with the hissing of the sickbay doors. He didn't get far when because the ship shuddered violently under them, knocking them all to the floor.

"What the-," Dreyfus started but was cut off by the blaring scream of the red alert klaxon. He rushed back to the bridge along with Caspar and Revis.

"Commander, we're out of control," Helmsman Jurot said with obvious worry behind his voice. His fingers were rapidly running over the helm station in his trademark speediness.

"What exactly happened?" someone asked. Unfortunately, the alarm was unusually louder than usual.

"Not sure, sir. There was a flash just off starboard and now we're spiraling out of control at warp 8 and increasing!"

The commander looked at the main view screen and saw weird swirls of light forming around the ship.

"What is that?!" Dreyfus asked referring to the lights.

"The 'lights' seems to be an odd mix of tetryon, chroniton particles and unknown types of energy!" Caspar said from his Ops station. The ship shuddered again and there was a blinding light then everything faded to darkness.

End  
file.